

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 33.—VOL. XIX.

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NO 971.

JOSEPHINE.—A TALE.

By Miss Eliza Yeames.

An! why is censure and derision thrown on the bright character of Mrs. St. John? Is it because she is less modern in her manners, less gay, less amiable, than other women? No; it is because she is too noble in sentiment, too sincere, too upright, and, above all, too lively and handsome for an old maid. This reflection leads to others of a similar nature. I blush at the errors of my fellow creatures, and would willingly veil them from my judgement; but feel I cannot in this point, although in many others, I am, as well as the rest of mankind, a faulty being; but as youth is on my side, I may possibly, before old age approaches, learn to correct my failings, and lay the foundation of never-ending bliss in a future and a better world.

The wise and discreet Josephine St. John, seeing me pay more attention to her goodness and advice than most other young people, honoured me by her confidence—"I am, my dear Miss Yeames!" said she, "what is called an old maid, of course supposed to possess whims and failings innumerable; but as my heart acquits me of intentional guilt, and my thoughts are much more engrossed by the next than the present world, this gives me no concern. You wish to hear, you tell me, the reason why one whom your partial judgment conceives both handsome and agreeable should be thus singly situated. I will inform you, and flatter myself the relation will excite no wonder.

"My father, Eliza, resided, as phreⁿian, in the large town of——. He was a man of skill, his patients were numerous, and he had the delight of seeing his numerous offspring well provided for by his gains. I was their youngest child; four out of the seven he had, a son and three daughters, were married before I reached my tenth year; two only was left besides myself, Charles who followed my father's profession, and the lovely Lavinia, the beloved playmate of my infant years.

"Lavinia was so bewitchingly charming, that before she attained her sixteenth year she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman who was reckoned a very desirable person by her friends; but my father did not so entirely approve the match, as Mr. Wordsworth was of a volatile disposition, and rather unequal in his temper. However, seeing my sister's happiness depended on her lover, he gave his consent, and she became a bride.

"Lavinia's happiness shed a sun-shine on my prospects; I loved her to excess, and hung with pleasure on the expression of delight that now shone in her sweet countenance; marriage seemed to me a never ceasing state of bliss. As I grew up, I sighed to give my heart, and receive one in return. I looked around me, but could fix on no one for some time. At length Mr. Aubrey appeared; he was extremely personable, and had great vivacity; his attentions therefore were flattering to me, and I yielded to the pleasure his company gave me. Mr.

Aubrey did not exactly give me to understand he intended marriage; but as his behaviour shewed no small degree of esteem, I never once doubted his honour. One evening, when we were alone together, he shewed towards me a freedom of behaviour not to be tolerated; this I resented; and Mr. Aubrey, taking up his hat, made his parting bow with a chilling coldness. Who can imagine my resentment, when, at the end of a few days, I received the intelligence of his marriage with another woman? Indignation filled me; but contempt took its place, when I was informed that he had paid his addresses to her some months, and was supposed to feel less love for her than her fortune, which was almost princely.

"At this time I had the misfortune to lose my father, and the grief his loss occasioned threw me into a slight fever; but my youth soon dissipated the symptoms, and I forgot my sorrow while exerting myself to soothe my mother. Alas! one misfortune quickly followed the other; my amiable and only surviving parent drooped daily. In vain I urged her to dissipate her gloom, and try to live for me; she secretly indulged her grief, so that in a very little time she was consigned to the grave. Mournful, and constantly in tears, I seemed as if alone in the world, without one friend to cheer and soothe me. But the sweet Lavinia here flew to me, and, with unchanged affection, took me with her home. The fortune of my parents had been equally divided between their children, and I found two thousand pounds came to my share. This was a trifling sum, but it was enough for my desires; and I laughingly told Mr. Wordsworth I should not be in haste to change my condition, since fate had thus made me mistress of my actions. "Ah! Miss St. John, (said he) I will try your veracity: my aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Miller, will be here this evening; she is a maiden lady, and her appearance—but I will say no more—you shall judge yourself what she is."

"Accordingly the tea table was honoured, as he promised, by the presence of Mr. Wordsworth's aunt, and I indeed found her the most disgusting of women. Being introduced to her, he addressed her with—"Aunt, this young woman is inclined for a life of celibacy. Do you commend her resolution? Pray speak your sentiments."

"I am of opinion, Mr. Wordsworth, she will alter her mind. It was thus with me a few years back. I was determined, as you must know, never to marry; and accordingly rejected many overtures of marriage; but I am otherwise inclined of late. I think it is best to have a companion; besides, I want children to inherit my fortune."

"A smothered titter burst from her auditors, and Mr. Wordsworth cried, "Ah aunt, I fear that wish is vain with you; for if you were married to-morrow, you cannot expect at your age"—"Sir," retorted the lady, setting down the teacup she held in her hand, and looking at him most furiously, "my age little exceeds your own, and I defy your jests, knowing it will one day be in my power to put a stop to

them entirely."

"I stand corrected, madam," replied Mr. Wordsworth: "I now recollect my mother was indeed your elder; and"—

"None of your sneers, sir," exclaimed the enraged lady; and Lavinia was obliged to interfere, to obtain her peace."

"My sister, shortly after this, laid in; the child was a boy, and of promising appearance; but Lavinia had an uncommon bad time, and a thousand alarms came across me on her account. They were not ill founded; she was shortly seized with a fever, and at the expiration of a week expired. A few moments before her death she regained her senses, and seeing me by her bed-side and alone, thus addressed me: "Dear Josephine? why do you look so sad; is it for me you grieve? Ah! you know not how much I am to be envied for the near approach of death! Ah! welcome to me it is, were it not dreadful to leave my dearest children."

"O Lavinia," cried I, "do not talk so strangely: are not you about to leave your adoring husband, and poor sister Josephine, as well as your other relatives."

"How deceiving are appearances! (said Lavinia) you fancy Mr. Wordsworth tenderly attached to me. Ah Josephine! how abused was my fond heart when wedding him! He never loved me, soothed my distress, lulled my suspicions, or made me worth a serious thought. My youthful hopes, thus wrecked, quickly sunk; horror took possession of me, and I was a wretch. Josephine, this is the moment in which I promised to tell you: O mark my words well: till now I have concealed my sentiments, but now, now I warn you to beware of men, their soft appearances and oily tongues. Never wed in haste: of that enough. I am dying, Josephine. A few hours hence I shall be no more. My three little girls, the prattling Frederick, and this sleeping babe, are alone in the world, except their father prove kinder to them than he has to me. Oh sister, be their guide: love them, cherish them, for my sake; and so may the Almighty reward you!"

"Scarcely was this said, when her mild spirit fled its fragile tenement to a more kindly region. I was absorbed in grief at her loss. No one but her babes had the power to awaken me from the lethargy of sorrow. Mr. Wordsworth was odious to me; and I mentally wondered how one of so open an appearance, and such an enlightened understanding, could conceal such treachery in his breast. I resolved to quit his house; and for that purpose wrote to my elder sister, who resided a few miles in the country, thinking that air and a change of scene might prove beneficial to my health. I found the farm neat and comfortable. Susan's husband was rather rough in his appearance and manners, but as he suited her taste, he pleased me; therefore, though its inmates were nothing resembling the graceful placid Lavinia, nor the smooth tongued, courteous Wordsworth, yet I thought I might be very happy with them. I was mistaken: Susan possessed a quarrelsome temper, her husband a

stobecra one. He was almost constantly intoxicated with liquor, and this was insupportably vexing to her. She would remonstrate, threaten him, and at length, unmindful of my presence, even blows would sometimes follow on both sides. Alas! how shocking was the scene! I wept, entreated, at last finally resolved to leave the house. I had received many pressing invitations from my elder brother; but knowing his temper resembled Susan's, I rejected the offer, and accepted in its stead one made me from my third sister, Louisa. The other two were widows; they were in etsy circumstances, but, having a numerous family, found it but sufficed their wants. I had the happiness of thus seeing each party well situated, and residents in their native place, except Susan and my elder brother, and they were not wanting to complete their harmony. Louisa was handsome, lively, and greatly attached to me; she had seen the last moments of Lavinia, and sincerely mourned her loss. The little Wordsworths were always welcome to her house with the greatest cordiality, and the children loved and revered their aunt. My sister having no offspring of her own, Lavinia's were esteemed by her as such; and as they were very frequently at her house, I found my time pass most agreeably in their society.

(Conclusion in our next.)

DISAPPOINTMENT AND HOPE.

THE morn of my life was cheerful as the singing of birds, and loving as the opening of spring; not a cloud arose to mar its beauty, or obscure the bright sun of innocence and youth; every sense was gratified, every flower was sweet and every rose without a thorn. Every kiss was a pledge of affection, and every friend was true. My cheeks were then blooming with health, and my eyes glistened with happiness. But alas! the charm is broken, the scene is changed, the flowers have lost their fragrance and on every rose I have found a thorn. Friends, who were dear, have departed, and nothing is left me, but the melancholy recollection of joys that are fled. Grief has stolen the rose from my cheeks, and my eyes overflow with tears. But a little while and my sorrow will be over and forgotten; my heart strings, which are now stanch'd with anguish, will then thrill with rapture: my friends which I have lost, will be restored, and our affection will be as pure and as lasting as the paradise which we shall inhabit, the lively flowers, which are now withered and gone, will be revived with increased beauty; no more will the lily and the rose, when sparkling with the morning dew, be an emblem of sorrowing virtue; for every pale will wait happiness, and every zephyr fragrance.

ANECDOTE.

Among the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed when learning the English language, the following, which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German wishing to acquire elegance as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meanings of the term, "put out the candle," was informed by his instructor, that he might say, if he chose, "extinguish the candle." A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much by howling in his room, on which, turning to his servant, he ordered him "to extinguish that dog."

SIR ELMER.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

(Continued.)

He spake, and strove his head to raise,
And often strove to smile;
But tho' it dimpled on his cheek,
His bosom ached the while!

And when the gleam of evening shone
All radiant in the west,
Fair Emma met him in the bower
An unexpected guest.

And much she tried with soothing art
To win him from his woe;
But as he gaz'd upon the maid,
His bitter tears would flow!

Vain are your soothings, lovely maid,
To ease this bursting heart;
And vain are all our vows of love—
We must forever part!

Alas! my Elmer, this from thee!
The damsel faintly said;
And are then all thy plighted vows
Forgotten or betray'd?

O, never, never, sigh'd the youth,
Can I inconstant be!
Sweet maid, this wretched heart would break
To prove its truth to thee!

But cruel duties now demand
My undivided soul;
Imperious duties, which my love
Must fatally control!

Hubert's fair daughter vainly strove
The fatal tale to gain;
From Elmer's agonizing breast
No word could she obtain!

And when at night upon his couch
His feverish limbs he tost,
He felt his reason and his faith
In wild disorder lost.

Can that be counsel just and good,
Which can such deeds require?
Which bids me seek my patron's life
And murder Emma's sire?

It must not be!—Strange dream begone!
Some demon met my view,
And sought to lure me to my harm,
With visions most untrue!

No Hubert, no!—thy Elmer's hand
Thy life shall never seek!
No, Emma, no!—no deed of mine
Shall baffle with tears thy cheek!

Instant, beside his restless couch,
The martial shade appear'd!
And with a frown, his outstretch'd arm
In threatening guise uprear'd.

And on the hapless youth he cast
Dark furious looks of rage!
And Elmer sought with earnest words
His anger to assuage!

Take then this sword and plunge it deep
In Hubert's villain breast!
Thy father's blood has stain'd the blade!
Obey the stern behest!

Vanished the spirit into air,
The sword remain'd behind,
And new and strong conviction gleam'd
Upon Sir Elmer's mind.

He rose and grasp'd the fatal steel,
And Hubert's chamber sought!
What!—shall I strike him as he sleeps?
Avaunt, unworthy thought!

[Conclusion in our next.]

A TOUCH OF THE MARVELLOUS

MR. S T—, surgeon, in Derbyshire, a gentleman whose practice occasioned his attendance on patients at houses dispersed in the country considerably distant from his own residence, decayed one night, after being called on to attend a farmer's wife, who resided a few miles distant, he was attacked and murdered in a certain lane, which it was necessary for him to pass through on his way thither. The agitation of his mind, in consequence of this supposed attack, awoke him; when finding his alarm was nothing but a dream, it made no further impression on him, and he soon fell asleep again. In the second sleep, the same horrible circumstance again presented itself to his imagination, and he awoke as before. He however went to sleep a third time, when another repetition of this terrific vision caused him to awake in such an agitated state of mind, as induced him to awake his wife, to whom he communicated this singular occurrence; the relation of which he had scarcely finished when a loud knocking at the door was heard. Mrs. T—, very much alarmed, insisted that her husband should not get up on any account, and went herself to the window, to enquire what was wanted. On which a man informed her that Mrs. —, (meaning the very person who had been the subject of her husband's dreams) was taken in labour, and that Mr. T's immediate attendance was requested. She replied that her husband was indisposed, and could not attend her. The man urged the dangers of her situation, and the consequent necessity of Mr. T's going with him; but Mrs. T, telling him that it was very singular the person he mentioned should be in the situation he described, without having previously, as is customary, intimated it to Mr. T, whose patient she was, desired him to apply to some other gentleman of the profession, assuring him positively that Mr. T, neither could, nor would comply with his request.

In the morning Mr. T. had the curiosity to ride over to the house where his assistance was pretended to have been wanted, and found the good woman in perfect health, totally ignorant of the application.

HOW TO CUT A DASH.

You must first fall up in some way to cheat a tailor, by getting in his debt; for a great deal, you know depends upon exterior. There is no crime in this; for you will pay him if you are able—and good clothes are very necessary for a dash.

Tell a fine story to some acquaintance, who knows but little about you, and by this means borrow as much money as will furnish you with a very small hammer, or very large cudgel; extremes are indispensable for a good dash.

When you walk in the street, take off your hat to every gentleman's carriage that passes. You may do the same to every pretty woman; for if she is well bred, (you being smartly dressed) she will return the compliment, before she be able to recollect whether you're be a face she has seen somewhere or not—those who see it will call you a dashing fellow.

When a beggar stops you, put your hand in your pocket, and tell him you are very sorry you have got no change. This, you know, will be strict truth; and speaking truth is a commendable quality. Or, if it suits you better, bid him go to his parish: this you may easily do in a dashing way.

As for victuals, you must run in debt at your lodging-house. You have nothing to do when the score becomes troublesome, but to change your lodgings—but you must do this very slyly, for fear you shall be obliged to cut a dash behind some iron-barred window.

Never think of following any business—such conduct is unworthy of any dasher.

In the evening never walk straight along the foot-way, but go in a zig-zag direction. This will make some people believe you have been dashing down your three bottles after dinner. No dasher goes home to bed.

LAUGHING.

I AM going to lounge in the streets; and to tell you the truth, I prefer them to the fields of the country. I am for nature's best works, and like to study mind rather than matter. Men, women and children

are therefore always more acceptable to me than all the hills, dales, and limpid streams in the universe. I admire the man who exclaimed, I have lost a day, because he had neglected to do any good in the course of it; but another has observed, that the most lost of all days, is that in which we have not laughed; and I must confess, that I feel myself greatly of his opinion.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 68 persons (of whom 21 were men, 11 women, 19 boys and 17 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of apoplexy 2, cholera morbus 1, consumption 12, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 4, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 2, drowned 1, typhus fever 6, infantile flux 13, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the brain 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, stillborn 3, sudden death 1, teething 1, whooping cough 2, and 2 of worms.

His Britannic Majesty's schooner Pike was lately taken by a French privateer. It is asserted in a New-Prvidence paper, that the privateersmen cut off the all the English sailors ears, and placed them in their hats as cockades.

BALTIMORE, September 17.

On the evening of Tuesday last a most unfortunate accident terminated the life of Mr. George Mallby, a very respectable mercantile character of this city.

Two gentlemen accompanied a friend to his residence in the country, a short distance from town, to dine with him. After dinner they amused themselves at quarts for some time, when it was proposed to shoot at a target with pistols. A mark was set up against a tree, and several shots were fired; when as one of the party was taking his stand at the tree where they fired from, two of the gentlemen were looking on from a position considerably to the right, and apparently out of the way of all harm; the gentleman about to take aim at the mark, from the inequality of the ground lost his equilibrium, in attempting to recover which his pistol swung over his right arm, and being a hair trigger and cocked, went off the ball going entirely through the head of the deceased. He expired shortly afterwards, and his remains were yesterday interred with due solemnity.

PHILADELPHIA, September 22.

We are concerned to state that a vessel arrived on Sunday at the Lazaretto, from Savannah, several of whose hands are ill of the Yellow Fever, and one died on being landed at the Lazaretto. We have a perfect reliance in the prudence and activity of our Board of Health, who will no doubt adopt every necessary precaution to guard against the inroad of this dreadful disease.

SHOCKING MURDER.

CHARLES, August 21.

On Monday last, a man of the name of E. Donnelly, was committed to the jail of this county, on suspicion of a most horrid murder of his own wife. The circumstances attending it have been uncommonly tragical, and the presumptions of his guilt appear almost incontrovertible. He is said to bear a very bad character, to possess a brutal temper, and was considered a dangerous man in his neighborhood. He is also said to have been long in the habit of beating and ill-treating his wife. On Saturday the 9th inst. her screams were heard by the neighbors, supposed to be on account of his beating her, but since that time she has not been seen by any one. He says she ran off, but it is extraordinary and unaccountable how she could have so completely disappeared, especially as she was far gone with child; and also having relations in this town, to whom she would most likely come if she had left her husband. These pre-

sumptions have been confirmed by other witnesses; on examining the fire place of his house, a number of bones, among which are two teeth, were found; hence it is concluded that the unfortunate wretch had buried her, in order to conceal the horrid deed. Physicians and a dentist, who have examined the bones, and teeth, declare themselves of the opinion, that they are those of a human being. He appears to have been in a kind of phrensy on the day this abominable murder was committed. The treatment of his two little children, denote either a deprivation of reason or brutal cruelty. He cut his eldest boy in the head with a scythe, in a shocking manner; the skull was laid bare for some inches. The eldest boy tells, that his father carried his mother in from the orchard, and laid her down on the bed, and then took him and his brother and kicked them up in the barn. But there are so many stories about this last particular that there is no knowing the exact truth of it.

A very singular circumstance lately occurred in Southampton, that has raised a person from the lowest condition of a journeyman baker to be the owner of 20,000*l*. In the course of the last month, he called at an office for a lottery ticket, of a certain number, 9949, and desired to have it, whether as a whole, or in any share; after some difficulty, they procured it in a whole ticket, and it was not at that time issued; but now a greater difficulty occurred, for he could not raise the money to take it up, and left it in the hands of the agents, until the time for drawing the lottery nearly arrived. They, unwilling to risk it themselves, urged him to take it; he depending upon the assistance of some friends to lend him the money, and being disappointed, still left it with them. At last, with the assistance of Miss Primmer, to whom he was engaged, he raised the money, possessed the ticket, and on Thursday evening it was drawn a prize of 20,000*l*. We have now to subjoin a wish, that every person who hereafter acquires a fortune, whether in this, or in a more gradual way, may act as honorable as he has done. Scarcely had he heard the glad intelligence, but he hastened to his fair partner of his fortune, and proposed to make her immediately a partner for life. The following morning they were married; but before he left town, he gave orders to call his creditors together (having formerly failed in business, and paid a small dividend) to inform them that their debts, with interest to the present time, should respectively be paid them.

AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

The following is a correct copy of a challenge sent on Saturday last, to a Publican at Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk:—

"Sir I have mentioned to all my Friends that your conduct to Me When I Was in W— Was unmanly and dishonourable And succeeded in your views ask Me or My Friends What balsom would Heal the Wounds you have inflicted And they or myself will say you out to Met me in the field and Give me that satisfaction Which Every Gentleman in this Country When his Feelings are injured has a right to demand— I will thank you for answer As i do not Mean the business to rest here," Lon. Pap.

WANTED

Immediately, an accomplished Tailorress, to whom good wages and constant employment will be given—none need apply except they are thoroughly acquainted with the trade. Enquire at No. 214 Greenwich street.

N. B. Wanted also, two or three female apprentices to the same business. Enquire as above, sep 26 3

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Blest are that pair—supremely blest
Who learn each others peace to prize,
Blest in that sunshine of the breast,
Which Heaven to madding crowds denies."

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. John Swan to Miss Eliza Anderson, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John McKnight, Mr. Joseph Lamoine to Miss Emily King, both of this city.

At Killingworth, Mr. Oliver Willcox, merchant of New York, to Miss Sally Stanton, daughter of Adam Stanton, Esq.

At Saybrook, John J. Ward, Esq. of New-York, to Miss Rebecca H. Blague of the former place.

On the 12th instant at Hartford Saratoga county, by the Rev. Mr. Chichesster, Dr. Samuel A. Kerly, of New York, to Miss Mary Ketchum, daughter of Amos Ketchum, merchant of the former place.

At Nantucket, Mr. Matthew Clark, merchant, of New-York, to Miss Sarah Cartwright.

MORTALITY.

"To die, to leave the world! how dread the thought
To vice's votary, but to virtues friend,
How pleasant and how lovely 'tis!"

DIED.

Mrs. Sarah Hitchcock, wife of Miles Hitchcock, in the 36th year of her age.

On Thursday the 17th inst. George Rossier, Esq. of the house of Rossier and Roulet.

On Saturday last after a lingering illness, Mrs. Hannah Sands, aged 28 years, widow of the late Captain George Sands of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon after a lingering illness Mrs. Mrs. Wainwright, wife of G. Wainwright, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 8th inst. at Sullivan's Island, of the Fever then prevailing in Charleston, Samuel Chapman, merchant, formerly of this city.

At Middletown, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Prudence Goodrich, formerly the widow of Captain Joseph Savage of this town, aged 109 years. The number of her descendants are 190.

Suddenly at Charleston, Dr. Daniel Boardman, late of this city—also, James Bates, aged 18, son of Wm. Bates, comedian; Samuel H. Potter, printer; Jonathan W. Cole of Rhode Island.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London. Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer No. 63, Liberty-street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

NEW AMERICAN COOKERY.

OR,

FEMALE COMPANION.

Containing full and ample directions for Roasting, Broiling, Stewing, Hashing, Boiling, Preserving, Pickling, Potting, Fricassee, Soups, Puff-pastes, Puddings, Custards, Pies, Tarts &c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

THE MAKING OF WINES AND CHEESE.

Peculiarly adapted to the American mode of cooking.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

For sale at this office.

LINEN RAGS.

An extra price will be given for clean Linen Rags, for surgeon's use. Apply at 315 Pearl street, sep 23

COURT OF APOLLO.

A FABLE.

One day a fair and blooming maid,
In all celestial charms array'd,
With perfect form, enchanting smile,
Call'd at a poor man's house a while;
The house that hour, to his surprise,
Became a palace in his eyes.

He woo'd her much to be his own;
She smil'd; but was not to be won—
For I have many friends to view,
Each day, (said she) as well as you.

Yet so indulgent was her care,
She seem'd to be forever there;
She call'd at morn, she call'd at night,
And all immediately went right.

No pain, no sorrow durst invade
The house where she her visit paid;
'Twas rapture all the rising sun
Smil'd on the scene of joy begun—
The conscious moon, with eye serene,
Beheld the same continued scene.

Some months of this sweet dream had past,
The poor man saw his friend at last
With wings he never spied before,
Approach, but enter not his door,
She spread her wings, prepar'd to fly:
'My friend, (she said, and seem'd to sigh)
Adieu! I grieve to check your mirth;
But we must meet no more on earth.'

Bent to the heavenly vision low,
In vain he wept and told his woe;
'One, (she replied) I must obey,
Commands my flight, forbids my stay;
But lest, with unavailing pain,
You try to find me out again,
What yet you have not known, I'll tell,
Both who I am, and where I dwell.'

Ah! cried the swain, too well I guess,
Your name, bright Maid, is Happiness.

She smil'd assent: 'Know then my plan,
I make no fix'd abode with man;
Invited, and ador'd by all,
On some like you, I deign to call;
But if you would not have me roam,
'Tis you must seek my native home;
To mortals lent, but never given,
I visit here—my home is HEAVEN.'

TOBACCO

Men meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.

COMPLIMENT.

An English clergyman, (says a French writer,) preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, "Those who do not profit by what I have advanced, will forever and ever inhabit a place which politeness will not suffer me to name before such a respectable congregation."

REMARK—Authors are like asparagus: there is nothing good about them but their heads.

MORALIST.

VARIOUS DENIALS OF CHRIST.

Does the intemperate man suppose that by merely professing himself a Christian, he acknowledges Christ? If he does, he is ruinously mistaken. Every act of intemperance cries out in a louder language than St. Peter's, "I know not the man!" Does the blasphemer, the common sweeper, or the sabbath breaker, imagine that because he is born in a christian country, he has any connection with Christ? If he does he is fatally wrong. Every time he blasphemes, or curses, or breaks the sabbath, he cries out in louder language than St. Peter's, "I know not the man!" Or does he who cheats or defrauds his neighbour, cherishes malicious designs against him, and intends if he can to do him a private mischief, suppose that he has any connection with Christ? All his thoughts, all his actions are continually crying out, "What is Christ to me? I know not the man!"

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

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